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Aborn Opera Comique Co.

MILTON & SARGENT ABORN—Managing Directors

CHIMES OF NORMANDY

THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS

MUSIC BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE

THE ORIGINAL DIALOGUE AND STAGE BUSINESS
TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED
TO THIS EDITION

HARRY HYAMS
FITZGERALD BUILDING
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ARGUMENT.

HENRI, MARQUIS OF CORNEVILLE, who has been since childhood, owing to civil war, an exile, returns to his ancestral home, on the occasion of the great annual fair, which is being celebrated in the village that receives its name from his chateau. It is one of the old-fashioned Norman villages of the seventeenth century.

In the First Act the curtain rises on an assemblage of village gossips, discussing scandal and small talk, SERPOLETTE, a cross between Fanchon and Boulotte, is the topic of conversation among the belles of Corneville. She comes in, just in time to turn the tables on the others, and changes their taunts into expressions of rage. GASPARD, an old miser, wishes to marry his niece, GERMAINE, to the principal magistrate of the district, the BAILLI. This arrangement does not suit GERMAINE, nor a young fisherman named JEAN GRENICHEUX, who pretends that he has saved her life from drowning on a certain occasion. To escape from the power of old GASPARD, GERMAINE takes advantage of the privileges of the fair (a similar scene to that in the first act of "Martha"), and becomes the servant of the Marquis. Her example is followed by GRENICHEUX and SERPOLETTE.

The Second Act is taken up with the supernatural visitors who have made the Castle of Corneville so long an object of dread HENRI determines to find out the real character of these ghostly appearances, and discovers that it is all the work of the old miser, who has concealed his treasures in the chateau. The discovery drives Gaspard crazy, especially when he hears the bells of the chateau ringing for the first time since the flight of the old Marquis.

The Third Act represents the grand fete given in honor of the return of HENRI to his ancestral home. SERPOLETTE arrives as a Marchioness, as some papers, found in the chateau, indicate that she is the lost heiress. The miser, however, recovers his reason, and shows that GERMAINE is the true Marchioness. A love Duet between her and HENRI, and the reconciliation of all the parties, bring the romantic story to a close.

VERSITY OF TORONTO
53,406

THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

CHARACTERS.

SERPOLETTE, the Good-for-Nothing . .	SOPRANO.
GERMAINE, the Lost Marchioness . .	MEZZO SOPRANO.
GERTRUDE, *JEANNE*, *MANETTE*, *SUZANNE*	VILLAGE MAIDENS
HENRI, Marquis of Corneville	BARITONE.
JEAN GRENICHEUX, a Fisherman	TENOR.
GASPARD, a Miser	BASS.
THE BAILLI	BASS
REGISTAR (*GREFFIER.*)	TENOR.
ASSESSOR (*L'ASSESSEUR.*)	TENOR.
NOTARY (*LE TABELLION.*)	BASS.

VILLAGERS, ATTENDANTS OF THE MARQUIS.

ACT I.

The stage represents a Forest scene near the Village of Corneville. At the middle of the scene is a fountain, somewhat to the right of the spectator. At the first entrance, left, is a tall post, bearing a bill on which is inscribed in large letters, "Corneville Market Grand Hiring of Maid-servants, Coachmen and Domestics."

Enter Peasants and Village Maidens.

CHORUS. All who for servants are inquiring
Just look at us if you'd be hiring!
The fair's to-day; we're on our way,
And there you'll find what's to your mind

MEN. We teamsters have the knack
Our sounding whips to crack;

GIRLS. And for a strapping lass
You will not by us pass!

Gossip Couplets.

GERT. Some reputations let us stain!
JEANNE. They say the Bailli asked Germaine,
And that she answer'd "No!"
GIRLS. We heard of that before,
And thus it must be so!
MAN. Of course she did—and wherefore not?
Another sweetheart she has got.
GIRLS. Who is it—who?
SUZANNE. Jean Grenicheux!
GIRLS. Can that be true?
With Serpolette we thought that he
Always was keeping company.

(*Enter* SERPOLETTE.)

SERP. Ah! who gossips so free of Serpolette?
GIRLS. She here?
SERP. Tell it out!
JEANNE. We were saying . . . that they said . .
MAN. That they heard . . . others saying
That Jean Grenicheux—
SERP. Come, out with it now, do!
MAN. Well, thus the gossip ran,
That he is—
SERP. Is what?
MAN. Why, your young man!
SERP. Since gossip is the village fashion,
Why put one's self into a passion?
Rather, like you, I'll gossip too.
They say—
GIRLS. They say?

Couplets.

SERP. They say that Jeanne, sheep-tending,
Leaves them browsing in the vale;
Then, towards the upland wending,
Lists a certain shepherd's tale.
And the little lambs go straying,
What is that to am'rous pair?
Not a little do *they* care:
That is what the folks are saying!

The say two forms are seen,
O' nights by eyes so keen;
One form is called Suzanne,
The other is.... ...a man!
What they say, or what they do,
Ladies, I will leave to you!

GIRLS. Of your venom, miss, enough!
No more of this lying stuff.

Scandal-monger, gossip, gadder,
With the biting tongue of adder!
Her there's nothing so much cheers,
As setting people by the ears.
Positively, she does revel
In her ill-work—little devil!
Like a clapper in a bell,
Her tongue goes wagging on pell-mell.

SERP. No, I never will keep silence;
What care I for all your vi'lence?
Shake you heads and shriek and bawl!
My saucy queens, I know you all!
That, my gabblers, for your cackle!
All the lot of you I'll tackle.
Here I face you all alone:
But still I say—Come on!

MEN. (Now, we'll see the girls, perhaps,
Scratch their eyes, and pull their caps!)

(*Enter* NOTARY.)

NOTARY. What means this noisy bawling?
And this most unseemly brawling?
It cannot be you are aware
This is the morning of the fair?

ENSEMBLE.

TUTTI. All who for servants, &c.

(*Exeunt Omnes except* SERPOLETTE. *who hides herself. She then comes forward and signs to the other peasant girls to join. They advance with hesitation, and form a circle around her.*)

SERP. Oh, come now! you must not take a little sharp talk too much to heart, girls. You know you began it. But it's all over, and I'm not the one to bear malice. Well, I admit I was foolish enough at one time to allow this miserable, good-for-nothing fellow, Jean Grenicheux, who couldn't speak the truth, if he tried, to keep company with me. Of course, when that horrid old miser, Gaspard, brought his chalky-faced, simpering neice, Germaine, into the house, Grenicheux found it more profitable to dance attendance on an heiress than to be true to a poor, friendless girl. But, let me tell you, he's wasting his time there.

GERT. You do not seem to have a particularly good opinion of Father Gaspard.

SERP. Good opinion? Why, bless your silly heart! he is such a repulsive creature, that I often wished he had never found me in the fields when I was a baby!

MAN. Where did Germaine spring from?

SERP. Oh, some vulgar stock, I suppose! Now as for me, do you know, girls, that I often dream that royal blood flows in these veins, and that princely parents are hunting all over the world for me!

ALL. Roya blood! A princess! Ha, ha, ha!
SERP. You will see, some time or other! Listen:

SONG—SERPOLETTE.

I may be Princess, leastways, Madam—
That from my style at once is seen;
My father I don't know from Adam,
But Prince or Duke he must have been

Old Gaspard, going out one morn,
Discovered me among his wheat—
A little baby, all forlorn,
Both wanting care and wanting meat.

And first he'd take me, then he'd not,
That miser's struggle was right sore;
But little viands in his cot,
And I would furnish one mouth more!

And fain he was to learn my hist'ry,
But baby language is not clear;
And so I'm still involved in myst'ry,
For who I am don't quite appear!

And thus I've got to tend the chickens,
Bed the cow, and cure the ham,
But ah! my heart beats so and quickens,
When I think of whom I am!

And when the butter I am churning,
Or the cow I milk at eve,
I feel my cheek with anger burning,
And my menial work I leave!

For you can fancy what my rage is,
To work a-field with sabot shod,
Who ought to have my maids and pages,
And lackeys trembling at my nod!

My parents must be great of name,
Because they never were found out;
And had a poor man tried the same,
He'd have been caught, beyond a doubt!
I may be Princess, &c., &c.

(*Enter* GASPARD *and the* BAILLI.)

SERP. What do you think of the grand wedding that is to come off soon? Little Germaine, hardly out of her pinafores, and that precious old booby of a Bailli, who is as old as Methusaleh and looks like a scarecrow.
BAILLI. (*to* GASPARD.) Well, truly, such impertinence!
GASP. You wretched foundling and good-for-nothing girl! I'll make you feel the weight of my cane!
SERP. I know you would if you could catch me, but you shall not have the chance. Now for a race; go as you please. (*Exit, pursued by* GASPARD.)

BAILLI. Don't excite yourself, Gaspard; I care not what envious tongues may say, as long as the fair Germaine is to be my bride.

GERT. His bride? January and May! Listen, girls, to the venerable lover, with one foot in the grave.

GASP. (*Re-entering.*) Silence, you pack of scandal mongers. Be off at once, or beware the consequence!

(*Exeunt* VILLAGE GIRLS, *laughing.*)

BAILLI. They are not to blame, after all, as long as your niece Germaine, encourages them.

GASP. Why, you must be mistaken! My niece would not associate with such hussies.

BAILLI. Well, I know one thing, and that is, she never loses an opportunity to encourage the attentions of that wretched fisherman, Grenicheux.

GASP. Pshaw! You should give her credit for more taste. Why, he serves as a butt of ridicule for the village.

BAILLI. You forget that he rescued her from drowning once, and gratitude, you know—

GASP. That counts for nothing! He was fishing, my neice fell off the rocks into the sea, and he could not help catching something Any one might have done the same.

BAILLI. At all events, don't forget your promise, Gaspard. Germaine is to be mine or a gentle hint to the authorities about certain goings on of yours.

GASP. (*Aside.*) Heavens! can he guess? No, no; it cannot be! (*Aloud.*) Your language is quite an enigma to me, I assure you.

BAILLI. Indeed! For instance, your administration of the affairs of the former Marquis of Corneville, who has been an exile for so many years.

GASP. My administration defies investigation. I am ready to meet the Marquis or his son if ever they return, and render a strict account.

BAILLI. You are very confident, and I am glad of it. Now, these phantoms that haunt the castle?

GASP. I am not the guardian of spirits. If they wish to roam around nightly, how can I help it?

BALILI. Well, I shall see about it, and shall search the chateau.

GASP. Don't, I beg of you. Leave the ghosts in their own quarters, and do not set them loose on the village. What is the use, now, in being over zealous? Germaine shall be yours, and I'll make preparations for a hasty wedding.

BAILLI. That just suits me. (GRENICHEUX *heard within.*) Ah, here comes that miserable fisherman.

GASP. Leave me to settle his pretentions with this cane.

BAILLI. No, no; we must have no scandal here. Come! (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter* GRENICHEUX *with fishing-nets &c.*)

BARCAROLE.—GRENICHEUX.

On billow rocking, at tempest mocking,
Oh! gallant sailor boy, ocean's thy home!
Camly thou'rt sleeping, tho' gale be sweeping
All the blue desert of waters to foam!
And tho' rude be thy pillow,
Vision fair hovers near,
From afar o'er the billow
Come the loved ones and dear!

May fav'ring gale
Still waft thy sail!
Float on! Float on!
On billow, &c.

(*Enter* GERMAINE *listning*, GRENICHEUX *hides*.)

GERM. Surely the voice came from this direction. Oh!
GREN. (*Advancing*.) You heard me, Madamoiselle.
GERM. Perhaps so! But I was looking for my uncle, and not you.
GREN. Indeed! the first I ever knew the old skinflint could sing. I thought that the chink of gold was the only music he favored.
GERM. No matter what he likes, he is my guardian.
GREN. To be exchanged for another soon, I hear!
GERM. Well, that is news for me.
GREN. They say you are going to marry that old Bailli?
GERM. I cannot help what they say, nor you for believing all you hear.
GREN. Of course, in presence of such a wealthy suitor, poor Grenicheux will be soon forgotten.
GERM. And if so, I am at perfect liberty to make a choice.
GREN. Don't forget that you owe your life to me!
GERM. You take good care not to let me forget!
GREN. I have the best right to you.
GERM. I cannot admit your reasoning. I wish to be my own mistress.
GREN. Until old Gaspard brings you up to the altar to marry a Bailli old enough to be your grandfather!
GERM. You are talking nonsense!

DUO.—GERMAINE *and* GRENICHEUX.

GERM 'Twas but an impulse, that I own,
(And wrong perhaps the troth then spoken,)
Yet still that vow, I'll keep unbroken;
To be be his bride who saved me—his alone!

The binding word pronounced that day,
With equal fervor now I say!

ENSEMBLE.

I vow to keep the faith then spoken,
(Although heart-silent then, I own!)
And never shall that vow be broken:
His, who saved me, I shall be alone.

GREN. I'd rather have one loving sigh,
Than language all with duty laden:
Say thou dost love me?

GERM. Nay, what more can I?
Would'st then have more than troth from maiden!

O press me not so, nor speak thus unkindly,
Remember the promise I gave thee that day;
I know that I gave it all rashly and blindly,
But still I will keep it, come what may.

GREN. How now? "Come what may?" these be words above me,
Nor is it quite the style I had hoped from you!
Calmly I could wait, hopefully could woo,
Had you only murmured—My own, I love thee!

GERM. Would that such a vow I might murmur low,
But love is a secret my heart doth not know!
Would, &c.

GERM. What love signifies is not in my knowledge,
Because they ne'er taught it in convent or school!

GREN. It mayn't be a branch, dear, in school or in college,
Yet girls do pick it up quick, as a rule.

GERM. Ah! but then am I very far from clever!

GREN. Still, you met with other maidens of your age,
Sure they talked of love, that I will engage;
Love, and love alone, girls at school talk ever!

GERM. Would I might agree, but it is not so;
Not one of my comrades of this love did know.

ENSEMBLE.

Yes, I strive to keep my troth,
And still shall try more love to show him;
But all the more I get to know him.
So does my heart my promise loathe.

(*Cries of People within.*)

GREN. (*Going to back.*) What is all this commotion about?

GERM. (*Going to back.*) Why, what a strange-looking man, and a queer-looking dress. No wonder he has a crowd after him!

(*Enter* HENRI, *in Mexican costume, followed by villagers.*)

HENRI. Well, such inquisitive people, I declare! Please, moderate your curiosity. It may be a rather strange costume in your eyes, but, you must admit, a highly picturesque one. Just the thing

for a figure like this. Well, to satisfy your curiosity, pretty maidens, permit me to introduce myself as one from the other world.

Village Girls screaming. A ghost! A ghost!

HENRI. Well no; rather too substantial for that. The other world is America, where I lived among the savages.

GERM. Do all the savages dress like you?

HENRI. Bless your pretty face, no! The savages paint as the great ladies do in France, and have the same affections for other peoples' hair.

GERT. Please, tell us all about them.

HENRI. My little beauty, you must really excuse me now.

ALL. We must hear the story now! (*All crowd around.*)

HENRI. Really, young people, you will spoil this costume. Please, permit me to suffer Messieurs, the savages, to rest for the present, as I wish to do.

GERM. You are a stranger here, Monsieur?

HENRI. Yes, a wandering seaman. I left my bark at Honfleur, and intend to return immediately to my gallant crew. I trust your curiosity being now satisfied, you will answer my questions. What do you call that chateau, whose towers I saw rising above the tree tops as I came along?

GERM. The chateau of Corneville, which has been closed against the world for twenty years. It is haunted by ghosts.

HENRI. How romantic! A haunted chateau! I have heard of such things, but this is the first opportunity I have had to form the acquaintance of a genuine ghost. I shall start at once for the chateau,

GERM. (*Detaining him.*) Oh, sir, you know not what a terrible danger you would encounter! Do not, I beg of you, brave the anger of demons.

HENRI. Sweet lady, have I not braved danger before? Have I not seen——

ALL. (*Crowding.*) Oh! tell us. You have seen—

HENRI. Nothing. Why, some living beings are worse than spirits. Bah! your ghosts are masquerading knaves.

GERM. Oh, sir, if you had seen the windows of the chateau lighted up by unearthly hands, and phantoms flitting across the illuminated halls! No one has ever unlocked the doors of the chateau.

HENRI. Hence this ghostly legend.

GERM. There is another legend about the chateau.

HENRI. Tell me of it, I pray. I am very fond of legends.

GERM. It says that when one of the old family of nobles, that formerly dwelt in Corneville, returns to claim his ancestral home, the chimes of the chateau, which have been so long silent, shall sound once more. Listen to the legend.

LEGEND OF THE BELLS.—GERMAINE *and* CHORUS.

I.

GERM. Yes! that castle old by wizard is enchanted;
For tho' Knight and Baron slumber on their bier,
By their ghosts in mail the corridors are haunted,
And at night we've seen the awful shades appear!
For their last descendant's coming, watch they're keeping,
In the placid moonlight, or when thunders roll!
In the ivied belfry, when the world is sleeping,
There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll!

CHORUS. Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
So the legend runneth, so the old men tell,
Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
When the heir returneth, will clang the bell!

II.

GERM. Round about that belfry, rook and owl are winging.
Fearless are the birds, for mute the iron-tongue;
Never more we hear its solemn voice out-ringing,
Warning for the old or welcome for the young!
Lonely is the tower, and oh! we maidens fear it,
Lest some spirit-hand should rock the bell again!
For they do say we now living yet shall hear it,
Ringing out a message to the startled plain!

CHORUS. Ding Dong! &c.

(*Exeunt Omnes, except* HENRI.)

HENRI. Quite a romantic legend, and a lovely girl besides! So, Monsieur Henri de Corneville, here we are home again, or rather within sight of it. I wonder why the chimes do not welcome the long lost Marquis, or rather his son, home. What a life of adventure has been mine, and yet I love the sea.

VALSE RONDO.—HENRI.

With joy my heart has often bounded,
When one plank parted death and me,
By threat'ning sky and wave surrounded,
Oh! yet I love th'inconstant sea!

To me no stranger, hardship or danger,
Battling the gale that sweeps o'er the main,
But peril over, who like the rover,
Finds life so sweet, after the pain?

Sweet lips have blessed me, soft hands caressed me,
In every clime where fate made me roam;
And woman's greeting, (bliss all too fleeting,
Made of the far land almost a home!

And gentle maiden, beauty arrayed in,
More than once told me her love in a sigh!
Heart wildly beating, mute glance entreating,
All have been mine, yet put coldly by!

Yes! I am lonely; one woman only,
Thro' all my being reigns in my heart!
Tho' now for ever, fate may us sever,
Lovely unknown! my soul's queen thou art.

O fairest maiden, one moment laid in
These empty arms now longing for thee,
Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now
From yon dark rock that hangs o'er the sea?

Dost thou remember, ('twas in September)
There is the rock and there is the wave;
O come again, love, solace my pain, love,
Tell me not vain is the hope that you gave!

(*Great outcry within.*)

HENRI Well, I declare, quite a riot in Corneville, even on the day of the great fair. I shall retire for the present.

(*Exit* HENRI.)

(*Enter* SERPOLETTE, GASPARD *dragging* GRENICHEUX *by the collar* GERMAINE *in an imploring attitude*, BAILLI *and Peasants. General commotion.*)

FINALE.—ENSEMBLE.

ALL. Such conduct is quite sad,
In one about to marry,
With a lover on to carry,
Is really very bad.

(*Enter* GASPARD.)

GASP. I'd like to wring your neck!
SERP. Quite so! quite so!
For of hope she's made a wreck!
GERM. Ah! don't condemn me yet!
GASP. If only at you I could get!

(*Enter* BAILLI.)

GASP. Your pardon!
BAILLI What now? D'ye know you struck me, sir?
GASP. I do; but then the blow was meant for her!
SERP. 'Twas I, sir, if you please,
Who saw them 'mong the trees;
Germaine and Grenicheux, the pair
Were having a nice time down there!

BAILLI. With my bride? courting her! Oh! ho!
For that jest you'll to prison go!
GREN. What! I in jail? I'll give you bail—
Leg bail, you know!

ENSEMBLE.

Ne'er did we such a rascal see,
At justice mocking, in manner shocking!
Ne'er did we such a rascal see;
At justice mocking, in a manner that is bad,
The wretched lad!

First he courts the bride of the Bailli,
Then his fingers at him snaps;
And lastly, runs away quite gaily,
But he will be caught—perhaps!

SCENE II.

THE FAIR OF CORNEVILLE.

(*Enter* GRENICHEUX, *frightened and out of breath.*)

GREN. Was there ever a more unfortunate wretch than poor Grenicheux? A fugitive from justice, what shall I do? I have made the Bailli and Gaspard my enemies for life. I must now give up all thoughts of Germaine, and seek service of some master at the Fair to-day. That is the only chance left for me to escape the clutches of the Bailli and the law.

COUPLETS.—GRENICHEUX.

I.

Tho' they may not pursue me,
This quarrel will undo me,
The Bailli and Gaspard
My enemies now are—
Away with such misgiving;
I've got to get a living!
I must give up the sea,
So I'll a coachman be!
No more Germaine and courting,
In love's sunshine disporting;
To be hard-working peasant,
'Tis a bitter cup!
But even that's more pleasant
That getting now locked up.

II.

I'll go and seek a master,
The better if the faster;
(The hiring fair, they say,
Is held this very day!)

Once in a situation,
No warrant in the nation
Can touch me; and so I,
The Bailli will defy!
No more Germaine and courting,
In love's sunshine disporting! &c., &c.

[*Enter Peasant Girls.* GRENICHEUX *hides.*]

GER. That old Gaspard ought to be ashamed of himself to treat poor Germaine in such a brutal manner!

ALL. Shame! Shame!

GREN. (*Coming forward.*) Is there anything the matter, my dear?

GER. Yes; you'll find out, if the Bailli or Gaspard lay hands on you!

GREN. Oh, save me! Save me! What shall I do?

GER. You have got Germaine into a nice pickle. Old Gaspard swears he'll lock her up

GREN. Oh, I promise never to meet her again! (*Cries within*) Here they are after me! Help! Help! (*Exit* GRENICHEUX.)

[*Enter* NOTARY, REGISTRAR, ASSESSOR *and Attendants.*]

NOT. Come, girls, do not loiter here; but go and join the other villagers in the grand procession. Hasten, or you will be too late. (*Exeunt Village Girls*)

NOT. The timid little dears! Be still, my fluttering heart! Now, gentlemen, I wish you to bear in mind that, in consquence of the unaccountable disappearance of the Bailli, on me rests the responsibility of opening the Fair of Corneville. I wish, therefore, that all due respect be paid to the dignity of my office.

ALL. (*Bowing.*) Yes, noble sir.

NOT. A little lower, gentlemen—bend your backs more! There; my dignity is duly honored. Now, to your places. Do not run in that manner,—like untrained schoolboys,—but in this manner, with becoming gravity and respect. Now, hand me my wand of office. Compose your looks with proper solemnity. Admit the servants, and let us hear what they have to say.

(*Enter procession of Villagers.*)

FINALE.—TUTTI *and* CHORUS.

CHORUS. Come, farmer small, or with big rental,
If first-class servants you would find;
We're useful, aye, or ornamental,
Exactly what you have in mind!

MEN SERVANTS. Than us you will not find a better,
If you groom or footman need;
We never open masters' letter,
For we don't one of us read!
Language bad you'll ne'er hear spoken,
Our morals are to us so dear:

We much prefer our victuals broken,
And drink with gusto smallest beer!

Coachmen. Who are drivers lacking?
Such a chance don't lose,
Come along and choose,
By the way our whips we're cracking,
You may tell
We can drive well!
We know oats and hay in rack;
Clipping, doctoring and firing,
We're the sort of men for hiring!
Just hear us how our whips we crack!

Song of the Housemaids.

I.

Serp. Who are wanting maidens, able
To keep house and wait at table?
Maids. Such here you'll find:
Serp. Of dark and fair, you see there's plenty,
And some are old, and some not twenty.
Maids. So you may have your mind!
Serp. Just look at that, just look at this,
Don't you think we're not amiss?
A glance give there, a glance give here,
Tell us if you think us dear!
Maids. Just look at this, &c.

II.

Serp. Though our cheeks be fresh and glowing,
You will find us rather knowing—
Maids. Most girls are so!
Serp. And though, of course, we all are steady,
To pick up more we are quite ready.
Maids. You will not find us slow.
Serp. Just look at that, &c.

Ensemble.

Men Ser. } Than us you will not, &c.
Coachmen. } Who are drivers lacking, &c.
Maids. } Just look at that, &c.

Nor. Fellow citizens!—I don't mean that!—fellow subjects of his glorious majesty, King Louis of France, I his humble representative, am called upon to perform the great and solemn duty of opening the Fair of Corneville. Be it understood, that whoever registers in these lists as a servant, must adhere to the contract for the period of six months. The law permits of no breach of contract signed here, under any circumstances, without the consent of both parties subscribing to it. (*Enter* Henri.)

FINALE.—*Continued.*

RECIT., SCENE, AND ENSEMBLE.

HENRI. Tell me, girl, what may be your name?
SERP. My name? Serpolette, sir.
HENRI. Ah, good! You I engage.
SERP. Oh, sir! I am in your debt, sir.
HENRI. (A forward minx, that, for her age.)
SERP. I don't care now if Gaspard rage.
HENRI. Before I've done, I want a coachman.
Ah, here is one! Your name?
GREN. Jean Grenicheux.
SERP. (*Aside.*) With my Jean in service, we two!
Lucky! lucky! Now, in vain
Your arts, my superfine Germaine!
GREN. Thanks, sir! (For six months now I
The Bailli can at ease defy!)
CHO. An old man in a fury shocking
Ev'ry one about is knocking!

Enter GASPARD.

GASP. My Germaine, when nought would suit her,
But to gad and run about;
In her chamber then I put her,
But the hussy has got out!
If you're any of you hiding
Germaine, take care what you do;
For my wrath you'll be abiding—
I will have the law of you!
Tell me, therefore, if you've seen her;
Oh! if I but had her here!
Better not attempt to screen her;
Such an act will cost you dear! (*Exit.*)

HENRI. A pleasant person, truly!
SERP. I'm glad he's in a passion;
If he had seen me,
GREN. I'd have caught it duly!

Enter GERMAINE *as a servant.*

GERM. He's gone at last! Some courage let me gather!
To think that I the Bailli had to wed!
No, no! I will a servant be much rather;
Henceforth my name and place shall both be dead,
To seek a master now it is my duty:
Keep still, my heart!
HENRI. Here is a rustic beauty!
GERM. That stranger here;
He will know me, much I fear!

HENRI. What need is there concealing
So much grace and so much feeling?

GERM. What shall I say?

HENRI. Come near, I pray!
What you can do I'd fain be knowing;
Your qualities, fair maid, be showing,
If you with me would go.

GERM. Yes, yes—I must, I know!
Just look at that, &c., &c. (*Shows her face.*)

HENRI. What! Germaine here? Good heavens!

GERM. From home I have been driven!

HENRI. Fear nothing now! the law is plain,
From thy master they'll claim thee,
But claim thee in vain!

Enter GASPARD.

GASP. No traces leaves she behind her;
High and low have I hunted alone;
Vainly—nowhere can I find her;
Germaine gone? Yes, the bird is flown!

SERP. What do I see?
'Tis Germaine as a servant!

GASP. At last! Come hither, girl!

HENRI. Back! monster inhuman!
Germaine is my bondwoman.

GASP. Come, niece, with me withdraw.

BAIL. Not so; she is his by the law!

ALL. Yes, old Gaspard, you are wrong,
That is the law, both far and wide:
To the master doth the maid belong,
Whatever may betide.
Who would take her from her master,
Only meets with sad disaster;
We never yet the person saw,
Who dared to break this ancient law.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

ENTR'ACTE.

A hall in the chateau of Corneville. In the front of the stage, at the left of the spectator, two large windows, concealed by tapestry curtains. Opposite, on the right side, at front, a little practical door in the wainscoting. On each side are chandeliers, in which are six candles nearly consumed. Further up, two large windows open at the right on a gallery which leads outside to the river, and at the left, on another conducting to the other parts of the chateau. Near the windows and the gallery on the left, at the back, is the figure of a warrior in iron armor, mounted on a rolling chariot. A table and chairs, of the period, are on the stage. There is also a piece of tapestry, representing a hunt in the time of Henri II. When the tapestry is drawn aside, a second hall is seen which is covered with dust and cobwebs. In this apartment, which extends to the very back of the stage, stand four pedestals surmounted with warriors in iron uniform. The first pedestal at the left has lost its figure, which is that to be found in the first apartment, mounted on a chariot.

CONCERTED NUMBER.

[*Enter* HENRI, AND CHORUS *on tip-toe, bearing torches.*]

CHORUS. Let our torches light up the gloom,
We're not frightened like simple yeomen;
And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,
Now ye have sailors for your foemen.

HENRI. 'Tis said our ghosts do much affect this hall,
But, unless I'm much mistaken, they are not ghosts at all.

[*Enter* GERMAINE.]

In this old room, all seems unchanged still:
Ah, Germaine, you are ill!

GERM. I am a timid girl, I know;
But where you venture I will go.

HENRI. Nay, courage, now! Am I not near?
By my side you have nought to fear!

CHORUS. Let our torches, &c.

HENRI. Now, my lads, leave not a hall unsearched. Don't forget the door that opens on the river. We'll soon unmask the rogues that disgrace my ancestral home with their knavish tricks.

[*Exeunt omnes, except* GERMAINE.]

AIR.—GERMAINE.

I.

GERM. From pallid cheek you may be telling,
With fear, not courage, now I thrill;
My timid heart 'gainst me rebelling,
Is throbbing fast, do what I will!
And though my coward heart fain would not,
In vain to stay away I tried,
Let you come alone! Ah! I could not!
And—I am by your side!

II

When I was homeless, tearful, lonely,
Home, friend, and all you were to me;
In all the world I have you only,
Then where but near you should I be?
And though my coward heart would not, &c.

Exit GERMAINE.

[*Enter* SERPOLTTE, GRENICHEUX *and* BAILLI, *groping in the dark. They touch each other and recoil with a cry.*]

TRIO. SERPOLETTE, GRENICHEUX *and* BAILLI.

ENSEMBLE.

ALL. I shut my eyes—
Oh, I tremble!

SERP. This poor girl, may heaven protect her,
(Oh! if I looked and saw a spectre!)—
No; 'tis wise
To shut well the eyes!
Should there be a spectre——

GREN. In that case, 'twould be wise
Still to shut my eyes.
Sight appalling!

BAIL. Of the spectres a host!

SERP. What a terrible wonder!
It is Grenicheux's ghost!

BAIL. Serpolette's ghost from under!

GREN. The Bailli's ghost—oh, how I fear!

BAIL. What! three of us ghosts and all here?
We three spirits all here?

SERP. No! I, for one, with my flesh am not done!

BAIL. No more am I!

GREN No more am I!
I breathe again—no ghosts are nigh!

SONG.—SERPOLETTE.

I.

Not a ghost at all! Well, I really never!
Let us breathe again, and not die of fright,
Not a bit of use in getting in a quiver,
Fancying a spectre, or a ghost, or sprite!
You have often seen
On the village green,
When we tease, in sport
Fellows come to court,
Never one was yet,
Match for Serpolette;
And so if a man can't get over me,
I do not think a ghost will do more than he!

II.

I have always heard, if a ghost don't like you,
All that it can do is to float in air;
For it cannot kill you, or harm, or strike you,
And if that is all, why I do not care!
Here the other day,
Soldiers on their way,
Halting for a glass,
Kissed each village lass!
But they didn't get
One from Serpolette!
And so if I can keep a troop at bay,
I do not think a ghost will do more than they.

HENRI. (*Within.*) Guard the door, my men; we'll have them soon.
SERP., GREN., *and* BAILLI. (*Falling on their knees.*) We're lost! We're lost! Mercy! Mercy!
[*Enter* HENRI *and his men. Two of them are covered with dust.*]
HENRI. Hallo! you have some of the dust of ages on you. Don't mind, my lads; you shall have something to wash it down. Can any one have penetrated beyond this hall from the river?
GERM. Here are three. Who can they be?
HENRI. Some of your ghosts. My men have turned the tables on them, and have thoroughly frightened them.
GREN. Please, good ghosts, spare us this time!
SERP. (*Looking up.*) As I live, there is Germaine!
GERM. Why, Serpolette—how came you here?
BAILLI. Little Germaine in the chateau!
HENRI. Yes; she is a brave girl, and one not afraid of ghosts.
GERM. Don't be too sure of that, my lord; I have been trembling like an aspen leaf ever since I entered here; and my heart goes pit-a-pat as if it was going to jump out of my mouth any moment

HENRI. So Monsieur le Bailli, this is the care you take of my chateau during my absence?

BAILLI. Your chateau?

HENRI. Yes; mine. Henri de Corneville, returned to claim his own.

BAILLI. Most wonderful! I am delighted to hear it!

SERP. The Captain a Marquis—can it be?

HENRI. Come, sir—is this the way you attend to your duties? Allowing these venerable walls to be made the sport of graceless mountebanks?

BAILLI. My lord, I assure you——

HENRI. What have you to say for yourself, sir?

BAILLI. Those scandal-loving villagers have driven me almost crazy.

BUFFO SONG.—BAILLI.

I.

Oh dear! oh dear! that riot and that rabble,
Never was Bailli so beset before:
I could not make myself heard for their gabble,
And from my head its wig some villain tore!
They laughed and jeered (ill-mannered rout),
Upon my flying periwig they bet;
And when I chased it,—oh! the shout!
Loud in my ears 'tis ringing yet!
"Oh! this is fun,
Just see him run!
(The lassies cried with rapture jigging)
To-morrow he,
Will married be,
And then from his wife he will get a wigging!"

II.

Still I pretended not to hear the chaffing,
And as I chased my wig, looked dignified;
But worse and worse, my very clerks got laughing,
Sure so severely ne'er was Bailli tried!
The village fair I could not face,
Of ridicule, I own, I'm rather shy,
And so to save me from disgrace,
Hither for quiet did I fly!

ALL. "Oh this is fun," &c.

HENRI. You should think of something else at your age besides marriage with such a young girl.

BAILLI. My lord, if you will permit me—

HENRI. Silence, sir! Have you anything to say about these so called ghosts?

BAILLI. They do not come within the scope of my official duties

GERM. Here's one on rollers. (*Pushes armed figure forward.*)

HENRI. There's nothing unreal about this one.

SERP. Here are candles that have been lighted recently.

HENRI. We are coming at the truth. Now who attends to these candles?

GREN. His Satanic Majesty, of course.

HENRI. It is all knavery, we shall see. Come, to work. Here is a curtain, perhaps something may be concealed behind it. (*Raises arras hangings and discovers hall with armed statues.*)

GREN. (*Falling on his knees.*) There they are! Save me! Save me!

HENRI. Peace, fool! they are the arms of my noble ancestors.

RECITATIVE, AIR, AND CHORUS.—HENRI.

RECIT.

Nay! no phantom they—knights of old,
My ancestors, their last watch silent keeping,
So that the prowlers hither by night creeping,
Felt that to touch them were too bold!

AIR.

I.

Oh! see their good brands notched in battle,
Their armor dimmed by many a field,
On each hauberk and on each shield,
Methinks I hear the iron rattle!
Fadeless laurel still be your due;
By Hist'ry's muse your praise be spoken;
For when in fight your mail was broken,
Foes found your heart was iron too!

ALL. Silent heroes, from out the mighty past,
Still over your line keeping watch and ward;
Lo! here your child, sole of his race—and last!
Last of the line they own as lord!

II.

HENRI. Your good swords rust, your spears are shiver'd,
'Tis other times with us to-day,
Than when Paynims in disarray
Before your onset bent and quiver'd!
Tho' we fight not for love of fame,
And chivalry be now departed,
Oh! trust me, fathers, lion-hearted,
Your spirit lives, in us the same!

ALL. Silent heroes, &c.

HENRI. Pshaw! here is the explanation of this wonderful mystery. There can be only one entrance for these so-called ghosts to my chateau. They come from the river side. No one can know anything about our coming here. We arrived when the moon was hidden behind a cloud. Now, let a guard be placed at every door.

GERM. Excuse me, my lord, but here is a door we have not seen before There is a key in it.

HENRI. Thanks my dear, let me investigate the mystery. (*Exit* HENRI.)
SERP. I wonder what kind of ghosts are in there?
BAILLI. I don't believe in ghosts. Where are they?
GREN. Look there! Save me! Save me!

(*Enter* HENRI, *covered with a sheet.*)

HENRI. Well, what nonsense. Here is some of your ghostly trumpery. By the way, I found this tin box which may contain some important document. By jove, what is this? An official document. Please, Monsieur le Bailli, read it.
BAILLI. (*Reading.*) "My dear Gaspard,"——
SERP. *and* GREN. What! the old miser?
BAILLI. (*Reading.*) "I am obliged to fly from France. My infant daughter I confide to your care. Bring her up as a simple peasant girl, as I very much fear that my enemies, were they to know that she was my child, would kill her. My dear Gaspard, do all for her you can, and when I return I shall repay you an hundred fold." (*Signed.*) "HENRI, MARQUIS DE LUCENAY."
"May the 16th, 1667."
SERP. One moment! I am convinced I am his child! I was found by Gaspard, and the only child he ever found on the date mentioned. I am the long lost child! I am the Marchioness! Look at the date!

ENSEMBLE AND COUPLETS.

ENSEM. What's she saying?
SERP. 'Twas I! 'Twas I!
These papers cannot lie!
Yes! dated sixteenth May!
They found me on that day!
What curious feeling
O'er me's stealing!
HENRI. My good girl, do not faint, now don't!
(*Aside.*) A marchioness! that silly creature?
With peasant writ on ev'ry feature?
I can never believe it, and won't!

COUPLETS.

SERP. Marchioness! how astounding!
How my heart is wildly bounding!
Ever a voice kept saying so,
That it said truth, now I know!

Now I'll wear a satin gown,
And as I sail along the town,
The girls with envy will expire;
Who is she? all will enquire!
Marchioness! &c.

Now I'm rich I will be gay,
I'll dine on meat now ev'ry day!
And when my old friends speak to me—
Shut my eyes so's not to see!
Marchioness! &c.

I will buy an education,
Manners fine, too, I will get;
So not a lady in the nation
Will compare with Serpolette!

HENRI. Well, we'll admit all you say, Serpolette, but your claims must yet be decided upon. There is the evidence of the old miser, Gaspard, to be given.

SERP. Why, how can there be any doubt about the matter? Gaspard never had a baby besides your humble servant.

GREN. For heaven's sake, your highness, let me go home. I see a ghost in every wave of the curtains.

HENRI. You miserable effigy of a man! Listen, my gallant fellows, take care of this wretched poltroon, and if he utters one cry, pitch him into the river.

GREN. Oh! what a fate is mine.

HENRI. Now, Serpolette! (*Sailors hustle* GRENICHEUX *about and carry him away.*)

SERP. "Serpolette," my lord? such undue familiarity! The Marchioness, probably, you meant to say.

HENRI. Madamoiselle, I stand corrected. The "Marchioness," of course. Now would you be so kind as to retire to yonder tapestried room for a few minutes and look over the records of your family.

SERP. Certainly, my lord, with you as company.

HENRI. I have other business to attend to.

SERP. But a Marchioness all alone in a haunted room.

HENRI. Armed with the records of your noble birth.

SERP. True, very true. But suppose some ghost should make love to me?

HENRI. Ask him his pedigree. He will soon vanish.

SERP. Well then, my lord, I shall retire for the present to read over the records of my noble family. I shall leave you here with this young person. I believe, they call her Germaine. "Serpolette" indeed. "Marchioness," I say, and don't you forget it. (*Exit* SERPOLETTE.)

GERM. Why, my lord, all are gone and we are all alone.

HENRI. Well suppose so, a brave little heart like yours fears nothing. Come, tell me about this marriage of yours with that old, broken down Bailli.

GERM. It was a false report. Such a marriage could never take place. Besides, there was Jean Grenicheux.

HENRI. What! that booby! For goodness' sake what right had he to interfere?

GERM. My lord, he has an influence over me on the score of gratitude. He saved my life once, by rescuing me from the sea, after I fell from the rocks, a mile

or so from the village. Although I do not love him, I must be grateful.

HENRI. (*Aside.*) The unconscionable rascal! to claim the credit of what I have done. (*Aloud.*) Well, I had no idea that I had engaged a coachman who is in the knight-errant business. But your face reminds me of days when as a youth I dreamed of such a beautiful being.

DUO.—GERMAINE *and* HENRI.

HENRI. 'Tis she, a happy fate has brought her,
To me, who all in vain had sought her!
GERM. Then he who saved my life,—if I must tell,
Told me that he loved—aye, loved me well?
Yes! he saved my life and loved me well.
HENRI. (*Aside.*) The fellow's impudence is hateful,
But yet I must not tell the truth!
GERM. To him who saved me, I was grateful,
And so I vowed to wed the youth.
GERM. Yet although awful was my danger,
On slippery rock, o'er whelming wave,
To true love still I am a stranger,
And half repent the vow I gave!
HENRI. She promised in an hour of danger,
When rescued from the whelming wave,
To my presence she was a stranger,
And now repents the vow she gave.
GERM. I should have answered to his passion
Exactly in the Norman fashion!
HENRI. Now, maiden, prithee tell to me
What may a Norman answer be?

AIR.—GERMAINE.

2 When he bargains at a fair,
The Norman puts his chin in the air;
Doesn't say "Off," doesn't say "Done,"
But 'tis thus bargains are begun:—
"Well, we shall see how things may go."
That isn't "Yes," nor is it "No!"
And a girl of our country side,
When she's woo'd should but answer so;
When he asks, "Wilt thou be my bride?"
Let her reply nor yes nor no!
It is the Norman custom good,
And well approved, the sages say,
Girls never should be understood,
Or tell their lovers yea or nay!

2 I must, sure, have lost my head,
Or else to Grenicheux I'd have said,
Not as I did, "My life is thine!"
But words less easy to divine—
"Well, we shall see how things may go!"
That isn't yes, nor is it no.

And if I wed him, I confess,
That my heart with my hand will not go;
If my lips, trembling, must say "Yes,"
Still my poor heart will murmur "No."
Had I followed the custom good,
And well approved, as sages say.
I'd ne'er have been misunderstood,
Nor ever giv'n him "yea," nor "nay."

HENRI. Oh, lucky chance—oh, meeting fateful!
And by and-by her heart will know
That it can be sincerely grateful,
And, at the same time, with love glow.

ENSEMBLE.—GERM. & HENRI.
Yes, although awful, &c. [*Knocking heard within.*]

HENRI. Ah, the signal! Now for an interview with the ghosts. They won't like it, I am sure. Serpolette! Serpolette! Oh, pardon me—Marchioness! Marchioness! [*Enter* SERP.]

SERP. That name—Marchioness—my lord, must meet a ready response!

HENRI. I merely wished to advise your ladyship that our expected visitors, the ghosts, are about to put in an appearance.

SERP. Oh, save me, my lord! I don't want to meet them.

HENRI. Fear in the breast of the Marchioness de Lucenay? Why, I am surprised!

SERP. Right, my lord, I am once more on my dignity! Marchioness, if you please—don't you forget it! But then, is there nothing more substantial for a Marchioness than ghosts?
(*Cries within.*) Here they come! Here they come!

SERP. Oh, save me! Help! The Marchioness is going to faint!

HENRI. Why, you silly creature! these are only my men. Look at this staunch little craft here, Germaine, who fears no man!

GERM. My lord, a ghost and a man are very different things.
[*Enter* GRENICHEUX, BAILLI & SAILORS.]

HENRI. Now, monsieur, le Bailli, we shall very soon have an opportunity of interviewing those precious ghosts of yours.

BAILLI. Your excellency, one of your crew informs me there is a boat on the river approaching the chateau, and that one man alone is in it.

GREN. Help! Help! Look at that phantom!

SERP. You donkey! It is only the curtain which I was pulling back.

GREN. A pull back? Oh, that is a very different thing.

HENRI. (*Aside.*) That miserable liar, Grenicheux!—Won't I make him smart for his intolerable falsehoods! (*Aloud.*) My men, this hall will be the first place where the ghosts will come. We must hide, so as to intercept them. Now, some one must remain here on guard. Who shall it be?
(*A very small sailor steps forward.*) I, captain!

HENRI. Oh, no. You wouldn't be a mouthful for a ghost. Let me see—I want the bravest man in the crew. Who is he? Ah

here he is! (*Claps* GRENICHEUX *on the back.*) Come, boys, put him in yonder armor.

GREN. Oh! please your highness, I am scared out of my wits.

HENRI So much the better. They are not of much use to you. Put him in the armor on wheels.

GREN. I shall die of fright!

HENRI. So much the better for the ghosts, and the worse for you!

GREN. Let me go this time, my lord, and I promise never to come here again!

HENRI. Nonsense! You are just the man for the situation. Clap him in the armor! (*The sailors place* GRENICHEUX *in armor.*)

CHORUS AND QUINTET.

CHORUS. As he's looking somewhat pale,
Put him, oh put him into mail!
Strong is the steel, and once inside,
All ghosts and phantoms he'll deride!

HENRI. (*Spoken.*) Stir, and you are a dead man!

GREN. May heaven pity take! How I shake!

QUINTET.

GREN. Cold sweat is on my brow,
Terror reigneth o'er me now,
By iron wall thus girt about,
Come what may, I can't get out!
Oh dear, oh dear, now what to do?
Wretched, wretched Grenicheux!

ENS. Do not turn so pale;
You are quite safe within your mail,
Now, adieu! poor Grenicheux!

FINALE TO ACT II.

GREN. Well, this is a nice fix—mailed, and waiting for a ghost to put a postage stamp on me! What shall I do? I'd sink down if this confounded armor would only permit me. What is that? A light, and coming this way! Who is it, or, rather, what is it? I must shut my eyes, and pray, if I can, for protection.

[*Enter* GASPARD, *carrying a lantern.*]

GASP. I wonder what has come over me to-night! I feel as if something was going to happen. What can it be? Pshaw! Gaspard, courage! courage, man! Leave such idle fears to the boobies of yonder village.

GREN. (*Aside.*) I am afraid to look at it, whatever it is!

GASP. Idle fears! Why, Gaspard, old man, you are a fool. No one dare venture in this neighborhood after dark.

GREN. (*Aside,*) Here is one poor devil who has gone and done it!

GASP. And that old Bailli—what did he mean by his hints to-day? can he suspect? No, no! And yet he seemed so positive. Bah! Cheer up, Gaspard! No one knows where you keep your sav ings bank. The old chateau of Corneville. What a hiding place! No absconding cashier, no speculative president! (*Rolls armor wtih* GRENICHEUX *up and down.*)

GREN. Mercy! Mercy!

GASP. What's the matter with you? Did you speak? Pshaw! An old armor that has rusted here for ages. Gaspard, if you go on like this, you will soon be as big a fool as any of the bumpkins of yonder village. (*Places lantern and money bags on table.*)

GREN. What a narrow escape! Now I'm only an old rusty armor.

GASP. What did that old fool of a Bailli mean by his questions about the former Marquis and my administration of his affairs?

GREN. (*Aside.*) I think, upon my word, that I am going to faint!

GASP. (*Lighting candles.*) And, only think of it! Germaine gone off with that foreign captain, when I had everything arranged for her wedding with the Bailli. But I shall have her back! I shall have her back! There is law in this country, even if is Normandy, and the Bailli shall have his bride, and I shall be then rid of him and her. She has been such a charge! Little did her father, the Marquis de Lucenay, think what a responsibility he placed on my shoulders, when he committed this child to my care! But I shall make a good thing of it. (*Lights candle.*)

GREN. (*Aside.*) It is lighting up. Now, I am gone!

GASP. My plans are too well laid to be discovered. Unless one Marquis should come back to claim his inheritance, and the other to claim his daughter.

GREN. (*Aside.*) Why does it light so many candles?

GASP. What an ugly dream I have had! I thought that the Marquis de Lucenay came back and claimed his daughter from me.

GREN. (*Aside.*) What an ugly face this ghost has!

GASP. (*Unlocks door and entering small room.*) And now for my precious gold—my darling treasure! Let me see it once again, and add to it. My darling gold! my mistress that ever smiles on me!

GREN. Why as I live, it is old Gaspard, that wretch of a miser! Heavens! he would kill me, if he should recognize me. Now I must be wary in dealing with such an old scoundrel.

GASP. (*Entering with bags of gold.*) Oh my darling gold! my darling gold! mistress of my heart! (*Wrapping himself in a sheet.*) By the way, I must not forget my ghost business. Here is a spiritual medium of the first water—terms moderate. Now then to perplex the boors of the village. Oh, confound this old armor! (*Pushes* GREN. *before him.*)

Gren. Help! Help!

Gasp. What did you say? Gaspard, you are an ass! Only a piece of rusty armor! Do you wish to be afraid of your own ghosts? (*Goes to window and waves sheet.*) There now, if any country bumbkin sees me, he will rush home and tell his folks that the devils are holding high carnival in the chateau of Corneville. By the way, if ever I catch that miserable fisherman, Grenicheux, I'll kill him! (*Runs armor up and down.*)

Gren. Police! police!

Gasp. What's that you say? Pshaw! Only imagination. Now, only think of it—the Bailli, Germaine, the Marquis and the accounts! Ah, here is something to console me! My gold! my darling gold! (*Sits down to table, opens bags of gold, and counts his money.*)

Recit.

Gasp. Love, honor, happiness, moon of honey,
What are they all compared with gold?
Come, let me clutch thee, beautiful money,
Earth's one bright thing that never grows old!

Gren. (Gaspard, I swear,
What does he there?)

Gasp. That ancient cabinet's best of all banks,
And there lie my money bags in ranks
All solid coin—all yellow ore,
And, better still, I bring some more!

Gren. (His secret's out! it is very clear,
His money old Gaspard keeps here!)

Duo.

I.

Gasp. There have I purple linen fine,
Viands of price and rarest wine!
Wit, learning, mind, for all of these
Money can give if so he please.

Gasp. / **Gren.** } No minstrel ever sang or told
A strain so sweet as chink of gold.

II.

Gasp. Want I love? plenty of it there!
None but the rich deserve the fair!
I may be ugly, bald, and old,
Only let me woo with gold.

Gasp. / **Gren.** } No minstrel ever sang, or told, &c.

(*After duet the bells are heard, Gaspard pauses in dismay. He recognizes Robin, and rushing to the place where his gold is concealed, he throws himself on it as it were to protect it. The curtain at back rises and all enter. A guard unbinds Robin, and he also confronts Gaspard. Terror Struck, Gaspard's first impulse is to collect his money bags on the table and put them away, but his trembling limbs scarce bear him across the room.*)

HENRI, SERP., GERM., GREN., *and* BAILLI.

Silent heroes, from out the mighty past,
Still over your line keeping watch and ward;
Lo! here your child, sole of his race—and last!
Last of the line they own as lord!

GASP. "The Ghosts! The Ghosts!"

ALL. Yes, we are ghosts! vengeance is sped,
And lights now on your wicked head;
So tremble, old man, we are thy doom!
Rising from field and from sea and tomb!
We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,
We will hunt thee down!
Never leave thee, ne'er release thee,
Here or in the town!
Whither thou may'st fare,
We'll be there to scare;
All the day you will us see,
And if you dream, there, too, we'll be.

(*Again the bells chime, and old* GASPARD, *believing the legend to be true, and that his hour of doom is come, loses his head.*)

GERM. Good, my lord, pity the old man;
See how he stares, his brain is reeling.

HENRI. For you I lift the curse and the ban,
Tho' not for his sake, who had no feeling.

ENSEMBLE.

SONG OF THE BELLS. (ALL.)

TABLEAU.

(GASPARD *staggers to the table and falls senseless on his gold.*
(*Tableau.*) *Curtain, slowly.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

(The stage, to its full extent, represents a park, with statues and shrubbery. This scene is as gay and brilliant as possible. Grand Tableau of Dancing. GASPARD *wanders about insane. All make fun of him.)*

GERT. Poor old Gaspard! He is insane beyond all hope.

All the Girls. A madman! he may injure us!

GERT. Don't be afraid. He cannot do any harm. He is simply an imbecile ever since he heard the bells of Corneville, which astonished him. Let him alone!

BALLAD.—GASPARD.

Aye! aye! aye! the good old times,
Have come back again, I am thinking;
When I heard the castle chimes,
Hundred of years returned like winking!

I.

Oh! the brave days will come back
And my band of beggars lusty,
With a wallet for our pack,
And our coats and throats aye dusty.
Come! tramp each merry loon,
And troll beneath the moon,
Tooral looral lay!

II.

And it's we the maids who charm,
Never mind how old our dress is;
All the lasses at the farm
For the beggars have caresses!
And tho' rich our yeoman host,
'Tis the vagrant rules the roast,
Tooral looral lay!

(*Enter* BAILLI.)

Peasant Girls surrounding him. My dear Bailli? Why, how well you look! Where have you been? You seem worried, what has become of the bride? How about the honeymoon? Have you brought her back, or has she given you the slip?

BAILLI. Be quiet, for goodness' sake. Never in my life have I had such a succession of queer adventures. Bells, ghosts, the return of the Marquis, crazy Gaspard, and the grand transformation of everything, have well nigh turned my head. Then, only think of little Serpolette and that fisherman, Grenicheux!

ALL. Please, tell us about them

Bailli. Well, the court has examined into the question of Serpolette's claim. They found that the page was removed from the register at the date of the 16th of May, 1667. But the proofs are in favor of Serpolette, and show that she is the daughter of the Marquis de Lucenay; therefore, the court decides in her favor.

Gren. (*Within.*) Here comes her serene Highness, the Marchioness de Lucenay and her noble factotum, the Honorable Jean Grenicheux.

Bailli. Only listen to that scoundrel!

All. Oh! what a magnificent turnout! What a grand lady!

Gert. Why, girls, it is our Serpolette!

(*Enter* Serpolette *and* Grenicheux.)

Chorus and Couplets.

Serpolette, Grenicheux, *and* Chorus.

Chorus. There she goes with horses prancing,
Well may folk chuckle and stare,
Satins shining, feathers dancing,
And her nose well in the air.
What back again? What back again?

Serp. I've come, you see,
How are you, Trumpery?

Chorus. Trumpery! Trumpery!

Serp. At a countess you are gaping,
So let nothing you be 'scaping,
Your amazement don't conceal,
For ev'rything is costly, ev'rything is real!
Just look at that, just look at this,
I do not think that I'm amiss;
Just look up here, just look down there;
I rather like to see you stare.

Gren. And me! and me!
At me, too, please, be staring,
Observe my noble bearing.

Serp. Shut up, factotum, do!
Be silent, for I can speak for two.
Now, ere I go away,
I something have to say;
So listen, pray.

Couplets.

I.

Serp. Though no more plain Serpolette,
And though dressed up in grand toilette,
By every one it is allowed
That I am not the least bit proud!

For still my memory will recall
The time I had no dress at all;
Though I have riches quite unending,
You will find me condescending;
Call me then, just as before—
Serpolette, Serpolette—nothing more.

ALL. Call her, &c.

II.

SERP. Silk is very fine, no doubt,
But in silk I can't kick about;
And grand food, too, I thought divine.
Ah, my friends, I was mistaken,
Nicer far your eggs and bacon,
Cider's better, too, than wine!
Of my grandeur I am weary,
And I find my town house dreary,
Yes, I find my town house dreary.
Call me then, &c.

ALL. Call her, then, &c.

GERT. So, Serpolette, you have returned to us once more?

GREN. Yes, good people, her highness ——

SERP. Shut up about my highness! Well, I have condescended to see you once more. By the way, young person, there is some festival in progress here.

GERT. Oh, yes; the Marquis celebrates his return from exile.

GREN. As we shall, when we open our chateau.

SERP. Will you be still? Ah, there was a person named Germaine.

GERT. Oh, she is a particular friend of the Marquis, they say.

SERP. It looks bad! I am astonished she should be so indiscreet.

GREN. It's scandalous!

SERP. Hold your tongue, sir! Go and attend to my carriage.

GREN (*Aside.*) She is an absolute tyrant. I shall not submit much longer to her intolerant airs. (*Aloud.*) Your higness' orders shall be obeyed. (*Exit* GREN.)

BAILLI. Excuse me, my lady, but I cannot listen to any charge against such a good girl as Germaine.

SERP. (*Elevating eye glass.*) Ah, I recollect. The elderly person who wished to marry this Germaine.

BAILLI. I acknowledge that I made a fool of myself in trying to win one young enough to be my grand-daughter. But, I maintain Germaine is a good girl

Serp. Well, old gentleman, the subject is beneath the notice of the noble Marchioness and Countess de Lucenay. Can any of you tell me about a certain miser named Gaspard?

All. He is crazy, my lady. (Gaspard *dances insanely.*)

Serp. What a horrible creature! I shall speak to him, however. Perhaps the dignity of my presence may restore him to reason. Gaspard, I say, approach me.

Gasp. Why it's little Serpolette?

Serp. No, sir, you address the Countess de Lucenay.

Gasp. Ah! now I remember. The Count de Lucenay, committed his daughter to my care.

Serp. Behold that daughter!

Gasp. You? Why, you must be crazy!

Serp. You horrible creature, it is you who are crazy!

Gasp. Serpolette—the daughter of the Count de Lucenay! Why, it is the best joke I have heard for a long time.

Serp. Begone, old man! Try and recover your senses.

(Gaspard *dances and sings.*)

Bailli. Excuse the old fool, my lady. He is not responsible for what he says.

Serp. He is beneath the notice of the Countess de Lucenay, Ah the music! the dance! Just the thing for me!

Bailli. Surely, your ladyship would not condescend——

Serp. Just the very thing my ladyship will! Old man, I shall select you as a partner, but first let me sing you one of our old Norman songs.

Cider Song.—Serpolette and Chorus.

I.

Serp. Normandy pippin's good all over,
Where is the girl won't have a slice?
'Twas mother Eve did first discover
How good it was in Paradise.
Grapes, they say, hung round her in plenty,
Other fruits—a hundred and twenty:
But she, I've heard, an apple preferred.
A juicy one Eve ate, the first,
Or else tradition's belied her,
And as it slaked the lady's thirst,
She said, "What a good thing is cider!"

Live, good cider, drink divine!
'Tis better far than all your wine,
Good for maiden, man, and boy,
And good in grief and joy.

All Live, good cider. &c.

II.

Serp If Eve did wrong she has my pity,
For she was only one year old;
And in our times each maiden pretty
Still likes to pluck the fruit of gold.
Oh, the flirting, laughter, and singing,
Through the orchard merrily ringing!
Apples are tossed, and hearts are lost;
And if a girl be won this day,
I wish good luck may betide her,
And that both in their moments gay,
May bless the invention of cider!

All. Live, good cider, &c.

[*Enter* Henri.]

Henri. (*Clapping his hands.*) Bravo! Bravo! Excellent!

Serp. Good gracious! the Marquis to find me, a Countess, dancing the Cancan!

Bailli. My lord, I was just remarking to the noble Countess de Lucenay——

Henri. Yes, so I perceived—with your toes. Let me not interrupt you. So, my dear Countess, you have come back to us again?

Serp. Well, yes, Marquis. My first idea was to be presented at the Court of Versailles, and the royal palace just suited me!

Henri. Did you wish to purchase it?

Serp. Yes, but I changed my mind. I grew tired of having all the great lords of the court at my feet.

Henri. Imploring one kind word.

Serp. Dukes, Marquises, Barons, all suppliants for my favor.

Henri. Begging a smile——

Serp. Yet, I could not bring myself to forsake you all. I said, if I must buy a castle or palace somewhere, why not give Normandy the first show? Now, there's yours, Marquis What will you take for your castle?

Henri. Well, really, it's not yet in the market.

Serp. If it should be, consider me a bidder—with all its former terrors, it is dear to me as having been so long the repository of the records of my birth and station.

Henri. Now, my friends, make yourself at home. Monsieur Bailli, will you act as escort for Madmoiselle to the castle, and also show all the other guests what is to be seen.

Bailli. Ah! such honor,—with the most profound pleasure!

Serp. Oh, monsieur, you are too kind! [*Takes his arm.*]

Bailli. Happiness excessive! Follow me, friends.

(*Exeunt omnes, except* HENRI.)

HENRI. Poor little Serpolette! What a disappointment it will be to her when the truth becomes known. And sweet Germaine—how I have learned to love her! I must disabuse her mind, sometime, of her fancied obligations to that lying scoundrel, Grenicheux. Ah! here comes the rascal, looking like a popinjay.

[*Retires up stage, enter* GREN.]

GREN. I cannot stand this any longer! Suppose she has become a titled lady? That is no reason why she should treat me like a dog. Give me Germaine, any day, before her. I'll give up the Marchioness for Gaspard's niece. She thinks that I saved her life by rescuing her from drowning.

HENRI. (*Coming forward.*) Indeed! So my coachman saves young ladies from drowning?

GREN. Yes, my lord; it was a most daring and successful effort on my part.

HENRI. Pray, tell me all about this wonderful adventure.

VALSE SONG.—GRENICHEUX.

That night, I'll ne'er forget,
  In the late sun-ray glowing,
In fancy I hear yet,
  The long billow ebbing, flowing.

Whom should I see, sinking under the tide,
  But a fair and innocent maiden,
'Twas but a moment—I was by her side—
  And for shore then, I made, beauty laden.

Ah! she, as still she lay,
  On my arm, as on a pillow
More lovely seemed than fay,
  Or sea-nymph under the billow.

Then, thought I, "Ah! if thou
  Wert always mine, as now,
Life then were sweet, sweet unto me!
  But if the heart I save
  From this cold, cruel wave,
May not be mine, let me die with thee!"

Then, sure a spirit hand,
  With a gentle touch and tender,
Brought safe unto the strand
  That maiden young and slender.

Life came back as she sighed,
  Her waking glance met mine;
And grateful then, she cried—
  And grateful then she cried:—
"I and my life are thine!
Deliverer from the sea,
For thy courage I'll love but thee!"

(*Enter* GERMAINE *unperceived.*)

HENRI. You unconscionable liar! So you claim the credit of rescuing Germaine from a watery grave. Now, here is my answer. (*Strikes him.*)

GREN. Oh! my lord, pardon! pardon! I didn't do it.

HENRI. You rascal! Don't you recollect that I was the captain of a certain vessel which was off the coast at the time, and that I rescued the lady in question from a watery grave, and afterwards confided her to your care. Now you claim all the credit of having rescued her.

GREN. My lord! I acknowledge all.

HENRI. Now then, you rascal! go to Germaine and acknowledge the truth, only, don't mention my name. If you fail, I shall hang you from the battlements of the castle!

GERM. (*Rushes forward.*) Enough, my lord, then you are the preserver of my life, not this cowardly claimant?

HENRI. My dear Germaine—

GERM. I have heard all! My life is yours! Begone, miserable deceiver!

GREN. Oh! I'm off. It was not an agreeable secret after a'l.

(*Exit* GRENICHEUX.)

DUO.—GERMAINE & HENRI.

GERM. My lord, my lord, my silly heart is beating,
For, oh, I feel I am your thrall,
And that to you I owe life, fortune all—
My debt I cannot help repeating.

HENRI. You told me that a vow you gave
To him who saved you from the wave;
I claim thy hand with thy plighted vow.

GERM. Your bride? A servant? Oh, no, my lord!

HENRI. And shall I at thy lot be railing,
Who years have round the globe been sailing,
Sometimes tar before the mast,
With biscuit hard for sole repast?

Oft poverty has been my neighbor,
But I suffered, I have had my reward,
I learned that e'en the proudest lord
May give his hand to honest labor!

GERM. 'Tis not that I am servant lowly
That I break vow holy,
To your lightest wish I bend me low.

For love to the poor is a dower,
But Gaspard's niece hath cause to cower,
Wed you whom he wronged? Ah, no!

HENRI. Thy last word then; is "no?"

GERM. } 'Tis not that I, &c.
HENRI } For me thou art not, &c.

(*Cries within. Enter* SEPOLETTE, *dragging* GRENICHEUX *by the ear.* BAILLI, *Peasants, etc.*)

GREN. You you may say what you please—I am sick of the service!

SERP. What a cowardly wretch! Look here! I am your mistress, and you must obey me!

GREN. I shan't do it!

SERP. (*Boxing his ears,*) There! take that, you wretch!

HENRI. Noble countess, there is some trouble here.

SERP. I should say so. This fellow says you want to hang him.

GREN. From the battlements.

SERP. Hold your tongue! I don't want a servant of mine at the tight end of a rope.

GREN. With his neck broken.

SERP. Will you ever be quiet? Now, my lord, it is a very disagreeable thing for me, a marchioness, to have a servant at the end of a rope!

HENRI. Well, I acknowledge, it is rather derogatory to your dignity, therefore, I forgive him this time, for your sake; but allow me to present an old friend of yours, Germaine—you, surely, cannot have forgotten her.

SERP. Oh, yes, I believe there was a young person of that name whom I once honored with my acquaintance; but, then, Marquis, since I have become Marchioness and Countess de Lucenay, I move in quite another sphere. (*Enter* GASPARD, *crazy.*)

GREN. Crazy Gaspard! I want to go home!

GASP. Ah, everybody thinks that old Gaspard is crazy, but he knows better. He knows all about the haunted chateau and its secrets. Ah, here is the paper that can tell all about the Count de Lucenay's daughter. (*Shows paper.*)

HENRI. (*Snatching paper.*) What do I read! Germaine is the long lost Marchioness?

GASP. Help! Help! They rob me of my papers!

HENRI. Gaspard, look at me! I am the son of your old master, Henri de Corneville. Come, acknowledge your fault, and declare the truth. Germaine is the real daughter of the Marquis de Lucenay.

GASP. My lord! my lord! Where have I been? My head still whirls. Ah! yes, yes; now I recognize you. You are my old

master's living picture! Please, forgive a poor old man! (*Falls on his knees.*) A poor, poor old man! And she, Germaine, is the child intrusted to my care.

SERP. You horrid old miser—who then, am I?

GASP. Why only Serpolette, the mischief-maker of the village—a peasant's daughter, that is all!

HENRI. Well, Gaspard, I'll forgive you for all, as long as you have such a sweet petitioner here.

SERP. But what is to become of me?

GREN. Please, take compassion on your humble servant!

SERP. Well, I suppose that is all left to me now.

FINALE.—ALL & CHORUS.

HENRI. Old man, I pardon thee with pleasure,
If thou didst finger and hoard up my gold.
I have it back again—aye! twenty fold.
Germaine's my wealth, my hoard, my treasure!

SERP. Well, my fate's very shady
Not Marquise, nor simple lady,
What pursuit to follow now?

BAILLI. Please, your grace, come, milk the cow!

GERM. Nay, come with me till fortune mend.

SERP. As servant, eh?

GERM. As my girlhood's friend!

GREN. One thing I see— No one asks me.

CHORUS. Ah, the bells ring!

GASP. I am glad,
They are my friends, nor drive me mad!

HENRI. Dost thou understand, Germaine,
Why floats that chime now o'er the dells?
Gladness in that voice rings again,
For 'tis a sound, love, of marriage bells!

CHORUS. Ring, ring out! far and wide!
For our lord and for his bride.

GERM. Dear friends of my youth, think not we are parted,
Here, where I have lived, I ever hope to dwell;
Noble I may be, yet not more true-hearted,
Than the little Germaine whom you loved so well.
Hark! the happy bell—ever gently chiming,
Like an olden friend that bids the wand'rer home,
For me legend sweet of love and friendship rhyming,
Saying, "Nevermore from the old place roam!"

CHORUS. "Saying," &c.
Ding, dong, &c.

Song and Chorus.

I.

There's magic music in my bosom beating,
  But whence the music comes I cannot tell;
Yet sweet the wordless song it keeps repeating,
  Until I seem to know its meaning well!
No softer lullaby will hush the flowers,
  By zeyhyr blown at close of day;
No gentler strain ere woke the sleeping bowers,
  When love-birds warble on the spray!

  Ah, Love, the minstrel thou!
  I know the singer now;
  And love is yet Love's song—
  Love me dearly, love me long!

Chorus. Ah, yes! Love, the minstrel thou, &c.

II.

I fear not now, the leaden hand of sorrow,
  'Twill pass as lightly as the summer's night;
For love's diviner song brings on the morrow,
  As surely as the dawn leads on the light!
The tender song that hope is ever singing,
  The rudest wind can never still,
And sure the comfort that strain aye is bringing,
  With joy the heart to cheer and thrill!

  For Love, the minstrel thou!
  I know the singer now;
  And love is yet Love's song—
  Love me dearly, love me long!

Chorus. Ah yes! Love, the minstrel thou!

CURTAIN.

ON BILLOW ROCKING.

BARCAROLLE.

Moderato.
GRENICHEUX.

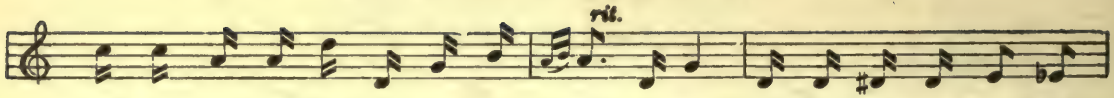
On bil - low rock - ing, At tem - pest mock - ing, Gal - lant sai - lor boy,
O - cean's thy home! . Calm - ly thou'rt sleep - ing, Tho' gale be sweep - ing
All the blue des - ert of wa - ters to foam. And tho' rude be thy pil - low,
Vis - ion fair hov - ers near; . From a far o'er the bil - low,
rit.
Come the lov'd ones and dear! Ah! . Ah! may fav 'ring gale. Ah! . Ah! still waft thy
sail, Float on! float on! On bil - low rock - ing, At tem - pest mock - ing,
Gal - lant sai - lor boy, O - cean's thy home! . Calm - ly thou'rt sleep - ing,
Tho' gale be sweep - ing All the blue des - ert of wa - ters to foam.

LEGEND OF THE BELLS.

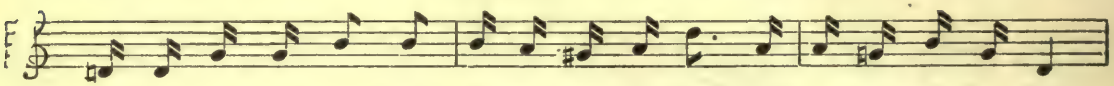
SOLO AND CHORUS.

Moderato.
GERMAINE.

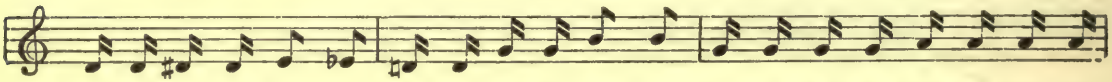
1. Yes! that cas - tle old by wiz - ard is en - chant - ed, For tho' Knight and Ba - ron
2. Round a - bout that bel - fry, rook and owl are wing - ing; Fear - less are the birds, for
slum - ber on their bier; By their ghosts in mail the cor - ri - dors are haunt - ed,
mute the i - ron tongue. Nev - er more we hear its sol - emn voice out - ring - ing,



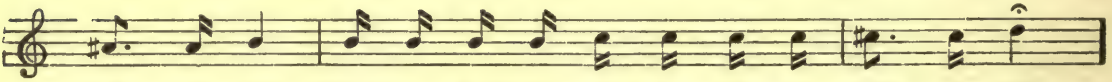
And by night we've seen their aw - ful shades ap - pear! For their last de - scend-ant's
Warn - ing for the old, or wel - come for the young! Lone - ly is the tower, and



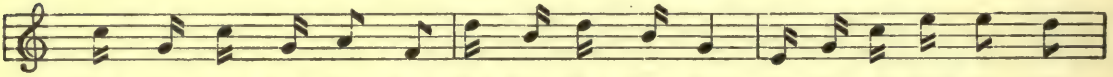
com - ing, Watch they're keep - ing, In the plac - id moon - light, or when thun - der roll!
oh! we maid - ens fear it, Lest some spir - it hand should rock the bell a - gain,



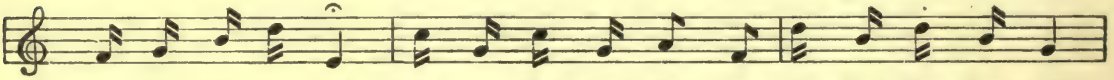
In the iv - ied bel - fry, when the world is sleep - ing, There's a ghost - ly watch-man who the
For they say we, now liv - ing, now shall hear it, Ring - ing out a mes - sage to the



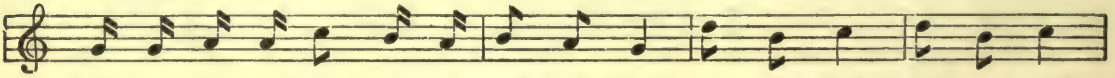
bell will toll! There's a ghost - ly watch - man who the bell will toll!
star - tled plain, Ring - ing out a mes - sage to the star - tled plain!



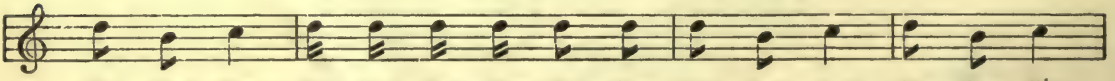
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! So the le - gend run - neth,



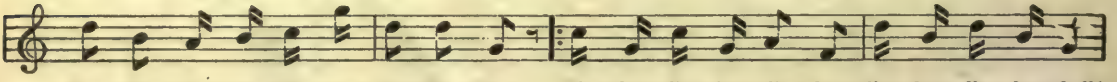
so the old men tell. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell!



When the heir re - turn - eth, will clang the bell. Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding,

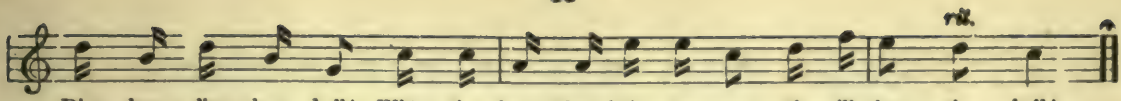


ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, ding, dong, ding,



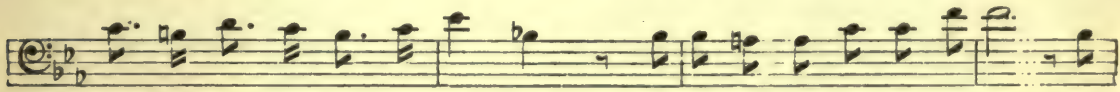
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding. Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell!

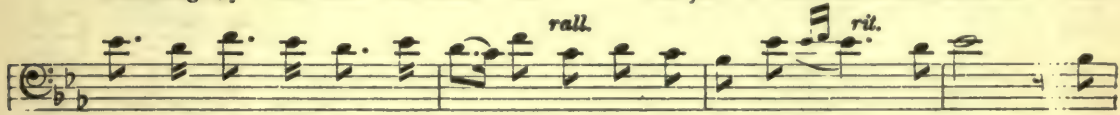
So the le - gend run - neth, So the old men tell, Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

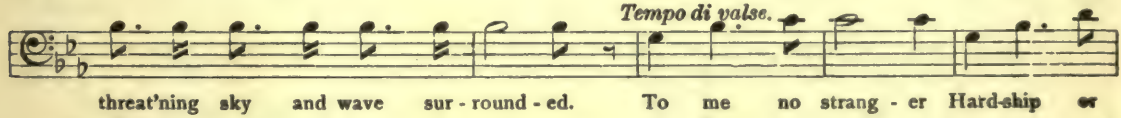


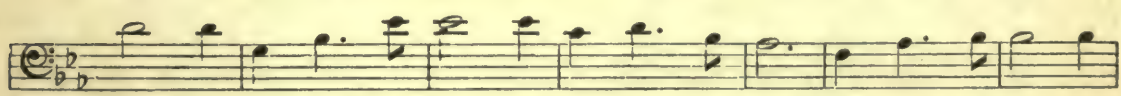
WITH JOY IN MY HEART.

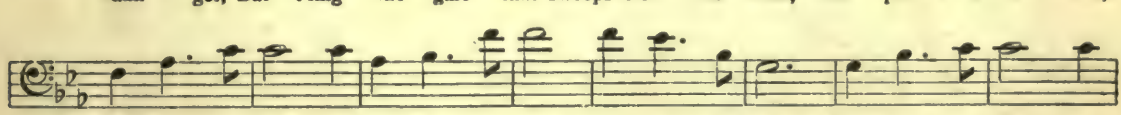
VALSE–RONDO.

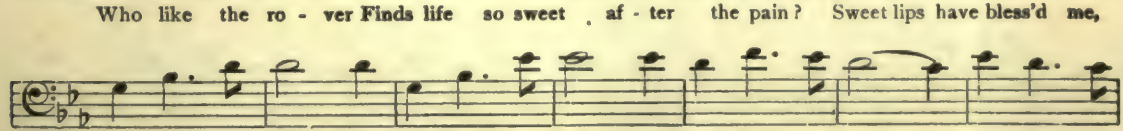




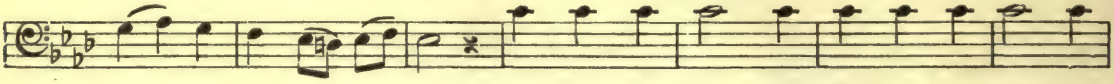




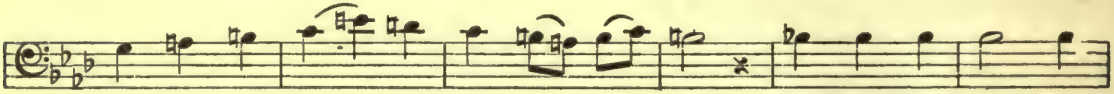




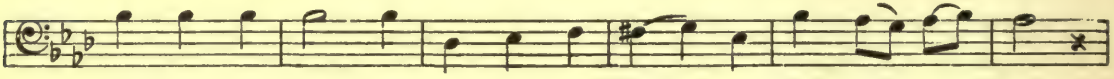
love in a sigh! Heart wild - ly beat - ing, Mute glance en - treat - ing, All have been



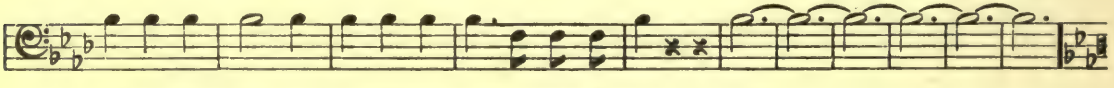
mine, Yet put cold - ly by! Yes! I am lone ly, One wo - man on - ly,



Through all my be - ing reigns in my heart! Though now for - ev - er,

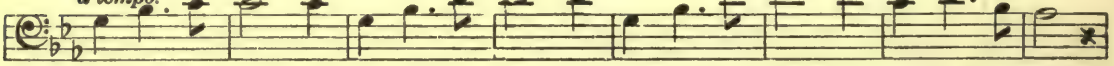


Fate may us sev - er, Love - ly un - known! my soul's queen thou art!

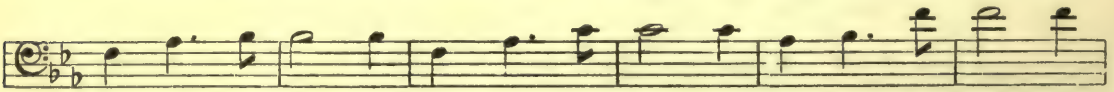


Ah, yes! for - ev - er! Love-ly unknown! my queen thou art! Ah! . . . . . .

a tempo.

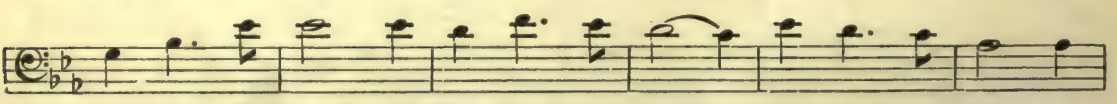


O fair - est maid - en, One mo - ment laid in these emp - ty arms now long - ing for thee;



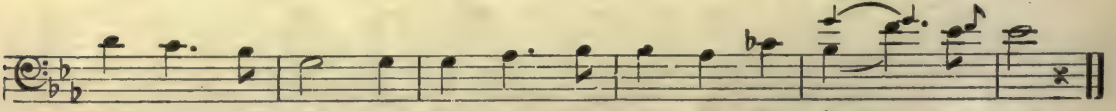
Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now, From yon dark rock that

hangs o'er the sea? Dost thou re - mem - ber, ('T was in Sep - tem - ber,)



Here is the rock and there is the wave: O come a - gain, love,

ad lib.



Sol - ace my pain, love, Tell me not vain is the hope . . you gav-

SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

(For Soprano)

Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL

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In this volume of **The Musicians Library** the editor aims to present in chronological order the most famous arias from operas of every school. Beginning with songs from the earliest Italian productions, just emerging from the era of artificial counterpoint, the field is outlined by well-chosen examples from German, French, and later Italian works, down to contemporary musical drama. Though none of the numbers is chosen for its historical interest alone, since the songs are all of the greatest practical value to the singer, still the works they are drawn from, as Mr. Krehbiel shows in his illuminating preface, do afford together a comprehensive view of operatic development. The editor's introduction is elaborate in plan, instructive, and highly entertaining. There are portraits of the most noted composers represented in the volume. The original text is given with each number, together with an English version which seeks to avoid the banalities of many current translations. There are 188 pages of music.

CONTENTS

ALCESTE. CHRISTOPH WILIBALD GLUCK
Ye awful Stygian 'powers (*Divinités du Styx*), in B♭

CARMEN. GEORGES BIZET
I say that by fear I'm not haunted (*Je dis, que rien ne m'épouvante*), in E♭

DER FREISCHÜTZ. CARL MARIA VON WEBER
How friendly sleep was to me (*Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*), in E

DON GIOVANNI. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
Chide, oh, chide me (*Batti, batti*), in F

EURYANTHE. CARL MARIA VON WEBER
Echoing bell-tones (*Glöcklein im Thale*), in C

FAUST. CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD
Ah! the joy past compare (*Ah! je ris de me voir*), in E

FIDELIO. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN
Accursed one, where leads thy haste? (*Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?*), in E

GRISELDA. GIOVANNI BATTISTA BONONCINI
Since 'tis glory to adore you (*Per la gloria d'adorarvi*), in F

HIPPOLYTE ET ARICIE. JEAN-PHILIPPE RAMEAU
Nightingales passion-stirred (*Rossignols amoureux*), in A♭

LAKMÉ. LÉO DELIBES
As falls the moonlight gently (*Où va la jeune Indoue*)

LA PERLE DU BRÉSIL. FÉLICIEN DAVID
Delightful bird (*Charmant oiseau*), in G

LA SERVA PADRONA. GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI
On Serpina, think with pleasure (*A Serpina penserete*), in B♭

LA SONNAMBULA. VINCENZO BELLINI
Ah! must ye fade (*Ah! non credea mirarti*), in A min.
Oh, recall not (*Ah! non giunge*), in B♭

LA TRAVIATA. GIUSEPPE VERDI
Ah! was it he (*Ah! fors'è lui*), in F min.

LE PARDON DE PLÖERMEL. GIACOMO MEYERBEER
Light-flitting shadow (*Ombre légère*), in D♭

LES FÊTES VÉNITIENNES. ANDRÉ CAMPRA
Graceful butterfly (*Charmant papillon*), in G min.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. GAETANO DONIZETTI
I hear the breathing (*Il dolce suono*), in E♭

MIGNON. AMBROISE THOMAS
Behold Titania (*Je suis Titania*), in B♭

NORMA. VINCENZO BELLINI
Chaste enchantress (*Casta Diva, che inargenti*), in F

OTELLO. GIUSEPPE VERDI
Ave Maria, in A♭

SEMIRAMIDE. GIOACHINO ROSSINI
At last Hope's cheering ray (*Bel raggio lusinghier*), in A

UNKNOWN. GIULIO CACCINI
Wild woodland creatures (*Fère selvagge*), in G

SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

(FOR ALTO)

Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL

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Like its companion volumes of songs from the operas, this collection for alto contains examples from all the important schools of operatic composition, arranged chronologically, from the early Italian productions down to works by contemporary writers. All are given in the original keys, with the original texts, and a singable English version, which is as literal as the exigencies of the music will permit. The preface is entertaining, and the individual notes which the editor has supplied to each song are both historical and descriptive, and of interpretative value. All who possess low voices and feel the dearth of songs which suit them among current productions will find this volume in **The Musicians Library** indispensable.

CONTENTS

DELIBES, LÉO (1836–1891)
Now while the daylight still lingers (*Tant que le jour dure*). From "Jean de Nivelle"

DONIZETTI, GAETANO (1797–1848)
Why, since thy heart in sadness weeps (*Deh! non voler costringere*). From "Anna Bolena"
It is better to laugh than be sighing (*Il segreto per esser felici*). From "Lucrezia Borgia"

FLOTOW, FRIEDRICH VON (1812–1883)
Dismal care (*Esser mesto*). From "Martha"

GIORDANI, GIUSEPPE (1744–1798)
Canst thou believe (*Caro mio ben*)

GLINKA, MIKHAÏL IVANOVITCH (1804–1857)
The shades of night (*Die Gluth des heissen Tages*). From " Russlan and Ludmilla."

GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILIBALD (1714–1787)
I have lost my Euridice (*Che farò senza Euridice*). From "Orfeo ed Euridice"
Oh, from my tender love (*O del mio dolce ardor*). From "Paride ed Elena"

GOUNOD, CHARLES-FRANÇOIS (1818–1893)
When all was young (*Si le bonheur*). From "Faust"
Night radiant in splendor (*Nuit resplendissante*). From "Cinq Mars"

HANDEL, GEORGE FRIDERIC (1685-1759)
Torment unending (*Pena tiranna*). From "Amadigi"
Verdant meadows, groves enchanting (*Verdi prati, selve amene*). From "Alcina"

HASSE, JOHANN ADOLPH (1699–1783)
Father, have mercy (*Padre, perdona*). From "Demofoonte"

LEO, LEONARDO (1694–1744)
When around thy dear face (*Se mai senti*). From "La Clemenza di Tito"

LULLY, JEAN-BAPTISTE DE (1633–1687)
Gloomy woods, in darkness receive me (*Bois épais, redouble ton ombre*). From "Amadis"

MÉHUL, ÉTIENNE-NICOLAS (1763–1817)
O lover mine, most faithful hearted (*O des amants le plus fidèle*). From "Ariodant"

MERCADANTE, GIUSEPPE SAVERIO (1795–1870)
Ah, since vainly I now implore thee (*Ah! s'estinto ancor mi vuoi*). From "Donna Caritea"

MEYERBEER, GIACOMO (1791–1864)
No, I'll engage that you have never (*Non, non, non, vous n'avez jamais*). From "Les Huguenots"
Ah! my son (*Ah! mon fils*). From "Le Prophète"

PONCHIELLI, AMILCARE (1834–1886)
Light to my dark soul bringing (*Voce di donna*). From "La Gioconda"

PURCELL, HENRY (1659?–1695)
When I am laid in earth. From "Dido and Æneas"

ROSSI, FRANCESCO (?)
Ah! give me back thy heart (*Ah! rendimi*) From "Mitrane"

ROSSINI, GIOACHINO (1792–1868)
For all the pains I bear (*Di tanti palpiti*). From "Tancredi"
No more lonely, hopeless waiting (*Non più mesta accanto al fuoco*). From "Cenerentola"
Live this day in memory shining (*Ah! quel giorno*). From "Semiramide"

SCARLATTI, ALESSANDRO (1659?–1725)
To achieve all the glamor of glory (*All' acquisto di gloria*). From "Tigrane"

THOMAS, AMBROISE (1811–1896)
I am here in her boudoir (*Me voici dans son boudoir*). From "Mignon"

THOMAS, ARTHUR GORING (1851–1892)
My heart is weary (*Schwer liegt auf dem Herzen*). From "Nadeshda"

VERDI, GIUSEPPE (1813–1901)
King of the shades (*Re dell' abisso*). From "Un Ballo in Maschera"

SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

(FOR TENOR)

Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL

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Like its companion volumes of Songs from the Operas in **The Musicians Library** this collection contains examples from all the important schools of operatic composition, arranged chronologically, from the earliest Italian productions down to the present day. None of the numbers has been chosen for its historical interest alone, and among the most beautiful arias in the volume are the English and Italian productions of the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. The operatic field occupied by the tenor is an especially favored one, and Mr. Krehbiel has availed himself judiciously of the treasures thus presented to him. All the arias are equipped with a faithful and singable English version; variants and interpolated cadenzas are given over the staff in small notes; and from the editor's very copious notes a thorough understanding of each song may be obtained, with a view to its correct interpretation.

CONTENTS

PURCELL, HENRY (1658–1695)
I attempt from love's sickness to fly. From "The Indian Queen"

GALUPPI, BALDASSARE (1706–1785)
Thy rose-lips beguiling (*Son troppo vezzose*). From "Enrico"

GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILIBALD (1714–1787)
Deem not my heart ungrateful (*Ah, non chiamarmi*). From "Telemacco"
From tender childhood e'er united (*Unis dès la plus tendre enfance*). From "Iphigénie en Tauride"

SACCHINI, ANTONIO (1734–1788)
Should I e'er again distrust thee (*Se mai più sarò geloso*). From "Alessando nell' Indie"

CIMAROSA, DOMENICO (1749–1801)
Ere the morning light is breaking (*Pria che spunti in ciel l'Aurora*). From "Il Matrimonio Segreto."

MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS (1756–1791)
To my beloved hasten (*Il mio tesoro intanto*). From "Don Giovanni"

MÉHUL, ÉTIENNE-NICOLAS (1763–1817)
Vainly Pharaoh attempts (*Vainement Pharaon*). From "Joseph"

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770–1827)
In life's day of springtime beauty (*In des Lebens Frühlingstagen*). From "Fidelio"

BOIELDIEU, FRANÇOIS ADRIEN (1775–1834)
Come, thou gracious beauty (*Viens, gentille dame*). From "La Dame Blanche"

WEBER, CARL MARIA VON (1786–1826)
'Neath the almond trees that blossom (*Unter blüh'nden Mandelbäumen*). From "Euryanthe"
From boyhood trained in battle-field. From "Oberon"

MEYERBEER, GIACOMO (1791–1864)
O Paradise, from bright waves risen (*O Paradis sorti de l'onde*). From "L'Africaine"

ROSSINI, GIOACHINO (1792–1868)
Dear home, where dwelt my father (*Asile héréditaire*). From "Guillaume Tell"

DONIZETTI, GAETANO (1797–1848)
When stealing down her pallid cheek (*Una furtiva lagrima*). From "L'Elisir d'Amore"

THOMAS, AMBROISE (1811–1896)
Ne'er dreamed the tender maid (*Elle ne croyait pas*). From "Mignon"

VERDI, GIUSEPPE (1813–1901)
O come, let links eternal (*Ah si, ben mio*). From "Il Trovatore"
Heavenly Aida (*Celeste Aida*). From "Aida"

WAGNER, RICHARD (1813–1883)
Almighty Father (*Allmächt'ger Vater*). Prayer from "Rienzi"
In distant land (*In fernem Land*). From "Lohengrin"
Gleaming at morning (*Morgenlich leuchtend*). From "Die Meistersinger"
Winter storms have waned (*Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond*). From "Die Walküre"

GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANÇOIS (1818–1893)
All hail! thou dwelling pure and lowly (*Salut! demeure chaste et pure*). From "Faust"
Lend me your aid (*Inspirez-moi*). From "La Reine de Saba"
Ah! fairest sun, arise (*Ah! lève-toi, soleil!*) From "Roméo et Juliette"

BIZET, GEORGES (1828–1875)
This flower you gave to me (*La fleur que tu m'avais jetée*). From "Carmen"

PONCHIELLI, AMILCARE (1834–1886)
Ocean and Sky (*Cielo e mar*). From "La Gioconda"

MASSENET, JULES (1842–)
Ah! depart, image fair (*Ah! fuyez, douce image*). From "Manon"

MASCAGNI, PIETRO (1863–)
O Lola, fair as flowers (*O Lola, bianca come fior*). From "Cavalleria Rusticana"

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SONGS FROM THE OPERAS

FOR BARITONE AND BASS

Edited by H. E. KREHBIEL

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Like its companion volumes of songs from the operas, this collection for baritone and bass, contains examples from all the important schools of operatic composition, and includes the standard operatic arias for the voices mentioned in the title, affording the singer material for a valuable and necessary repertory. The preface is entertaining, and the individual notes supplied to each song are both historical and descriptive, and of interpretive value. This volume completes the series of operatic songs in **The Musicians Library.**

CONTENTS

HANDEL, GEORGE FRIDERIC (1685-1759)
Col raggio placido. From "Agrippina"
O ruddier than the cherry. From "Acis and Galatea"
PERGOLESI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA (1710-1736)
Bella mia. From "Il Maestro di Musica"
GLUCK, CHRISTOPH WILIBALD von (1714-1787)
Diane impitoyable. From "Iphigénie en Aulide"
CIMAROSA, DOMENICO (1749-1801)
Misero Bernardone. From "Giamina e Bernardone"
MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS (1756-1791)
Madamina. From "Don Giovanni"
In diesen heil'gen Hallen. From "Die Zauberflöte"
O Isis und Osiris. From "Die Zauberflöte"
CHERUBINI, LUIGI (1760-1842)
Guide mes pas. From "Les deux Journées"
MÉHUL, ÉTIENNE NICOLAS (1763-1817)
Femme sensible, entends-tu? From "Ariodant"
BOIELDIEU, FRANÇOIS ADRIEN (1775-1834)
C'est la Princesse de Navarre. From "Jean de Paris"
SPOHR, LUDWIG (1784-1859)
Der Kriegeslust ergeben. From "Jessonda"
WEBER, CARL MARIA von (1786-1826)
Wo berg ich mich? From "Euryanthe"
MEYERBEER, GIACOMO (1794-1864)
Ah! mon remords te venge. From "La Pardon de Ploërmel"
MARSCHNER, HEINRICH (1795-1861)
An jenem Tag. From "Hans Heiling"
HALÉVY, JACQUES F. F. E. (1799-1862)
Si la rigeur. From "La Juive"
BELLINI, VINCENZO (1802-1835)
Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni. From "La Sonnambula"
MENDELSSOHN, FELIX (1809-1847)
Ich bin ein vielgereister Mann. From "Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde"
VERDI, GIUSEPPI (1813-1901)
Eri tu che macchiavi. From "Un Ballo in Maschera"
Credo con fermo cuor. From "Otello"
GOUNOD, CHARLES FRANÇOIS (1818-1893)
Au bruits des lourds marteaux. From "Philémon et Baucis"
BIZET, GEORGES (1828-1875)
Quand le flamme de l'amour. From "Le jolie Fille de Perth"
PONCHIELLI, AMILCARE (1834-1886)
Pescator, affonda l'esca. From "La Gioconda"
TCHAÏKOVSKY, PETER ILYITCH (1840-1893)
Wenn mich für Häuslichkeit. From "Eugen Onegin"
MASSENET, JULES (1842-)
Vision fugitive. From "Hérodiade"
BOITO, ARRIGO (1842-)
Son lo spirito che nega. From "Mefistofele"
THOMAS, ARTHUR GORING (1850-1892)
What would I do for my Queen? From "Esmeralda"

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